CANDOUR

The British Views - Letter founded by A.K. Chesterton MC in 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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FAKE NEWS

Syria, Greater Israel and the Zionist mainstream media hypocrisy

By Mark Farrar

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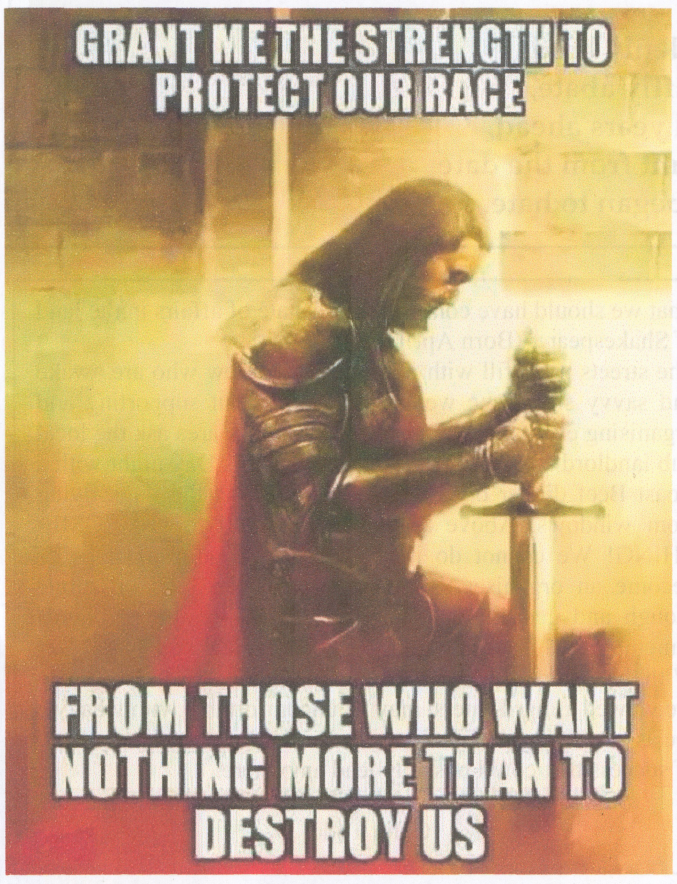
The hypocrisy of the Western Mainstream Media knows no bounds. The wall of propaganda spewed out by these organs of deception shows nothing but contempt for honest journalism and unbiased reporting of facts. This horrific war has been raging for over 5 years with ISIS and Al-Qaeda affiliate jihadist terrorist groups running amok through large swathes of the country committing numerous atrocities and war crimes. However, the western media has focused on President Assad the British-educated eye doctor who took over the Syrian presidency after his father's death, the Syrian army and their Russian allies accusing them of war crimes

Continued on page 3



Good Old Fashioned HYPOCRISY

Never Goes Out of Fashion

By Rob Black

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The EU Referendum was held on the 23rd June 2016. The results began to be reported in the media in the early hours of the 24th. Remember that then the **Remainers** were still absolutely confident of crushing the **Leavers**.

For example a politician notorious for his pomposity and complete lack of self awareness Paddy Ashdown, grandee of the Liberal Democrats, pontificating on the ITV EU Referendum Results program just after 01:00:

"I will forgive no one who does not accept the sovereign voice of the British people once it has spoken, whether it is by one percent or twenty percent. Once they've taken, it is our duty as those who serve the public to make the best use and to make sure that our country does the best it can with the decision people have given us. I've heard Mr Farage say tonight "we're coming back, even if we lose". Excuse me, he's the person who complained about lack of democracy in Europe. If he will not accept the sovereign voice of the British people when they vote, whatever they say, then I think he does not have the national interest at heart, he has his own interest at heart. So for all of us, in, out, half way, I don't mind, when the British people have spoken, you do what they suggest - they command."

[Questioned next about how to accommodate the broken hearted and furious losing side]

"What you do? You put the national interest first. Either you believe in democracy or you don't. When democracy speaks, we obey, all of us do and then if you put your nation first, then you make the best use of it you can with the decision you've got. If you're disappointed one way, you still apply yourself to making sure the British peoples wishes are followed, is obeyed and we do the best in the national interest with that decision. Any people who retreat to 'we're coming back for a second one', they don't believe in democracy. Anybody who says's 'well I'm disappointed and I'm therefore going to fight against this' that I think is an abnegation of the very thing we stand for. You cannot run a democratic system unless people accept the democratic judgement, and then put the national interest first."

Fine words Mr Pantsdown but when you spoke you were 100% confident of victory....

The Beginnings

1914 - 18

Rudyard Kipling

It was not part of their blood,
It came to them very late
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate.

They were not easily moved,
They were icy-willing to wait
Till every count should be proved,
Ere the English began to hate.

Their voices were even and low,
Their eyes were level and straight.
There was neither sign nor show,
When the English began to hate.

It was not preached to the crowd,
It was not taught by the State.
No man spoke it aloud,
When the English began to hate.

It was not suddenly bred,
It will not swiftly abate,
Through the chill years ahead,
When Time shall count from the date
That the English began to hate.

April 23rd. The ENGLISH DAY.
St. George's Day events will happen throughout England.

In recent years they have been growing in their size and determination.(The great photograph at the top of this page is from Birmingham in 2016). Men on horseback. Flags, shields, banners. A NEW army of our people proud and unafraid. In some areas of England occupied by the Marxist Liberal self-haters they come under physical assault by masked cowards. London and Brighton for example.

The very notion of 'Englishness' is under assault as never before. I know that our Racial Brothers and Cousins will understand that the English may wish to have their day.

The St George's Day events are 'non - political'. Indeed the organisers of such events WILL stress that fact. We must understand and respect that. Many of our people are scared and intimidated of declaring their race and heritage openly.

That we should have come to such a state of affairs in the land of Shakespeare. (Born April 23 of course).

The streets must fill with our people. We few who are awake and savvy should be wearing our boots out supporting and organising events. If there is nothing in your area ask the local pub landlord if he will put on a St. George's Day night with a Roast Beef dinner or Bangers 'n Mash. Get the flags flying from windows. Above all make the effort to DO SOMETHING! We cannot do it for you. Each of us must be or become an organiser. T'was ever thus! Try and be subtle though and gentle with the sheeple. We are the shepherds remember and Englishmen will not be pushed. Led yes.

With the rise of Populism throughout the White World we who are viewed as hard-liners, may be uncomfortable with what we see as a watering down of our ideals in order to attain any level of success that could possibly lead anywhere.

STAY STRONG AND STEER STRAIGHT!

Colin Todd.

FAKE NEWS *continued from front page column 1*

attacking civilians, bombing hospitals and schools. This fresh media onslaught came conveniently as the 'rebels' or more aptly named terrorists have been besieged in Eastern Aleppo and facing obliteration by the encircling Syrian government forces.

If we take a look into the recent past activities of the US and allied military however, we can see the most glaring hypocrisy of the Western Zionist controlled media laid bare, for example below are a selection of articles and reports on the war crimes and atrocities committed by the US, Israel, Saudi Arabia and associated powers in the Middle East in recent years. The use of white phosphorous by US troops and its devastating effects on civilians as at Fallujah in Iraq is reported on at *www.antiwar.com* and *www.globalresearch.ca*

Saudi Arabia committing atrocities against civilians in Yemen is detailed at *theintercept.com* in a report which shows the support given by both the US and UK detailing how President Obama has sent $130 billion in weapons to the absolute monarchy one of many gulf tyrannies which the US and Western powers count as allies without concerning themselves that they are not 'democracies', whilst British and American military advisers guide the bombing raids from Saudi command and control centres perhaps including the one that attacked the funeral party at Sana! There are also more reports of US atrocities in Yemen reported at *foreignpolicy.com*

Whilst Amnesty International reports on the latest US killings in Syria at *www.rt.com* and *The Guardian*, a newspaper in Britain, reports on the atrocities being committed by Zionist backed 'rebels' in their attempted break out of the siege in Aleppo and their indiscriminate use of heavy weapons *www.theguardian.com*. The vast majority of the Western mainstream media either ignores or distorts their reporting of the conflict in Syria. Notice how the US and Iraqi army offensive against the Islamic State in Mosul, Iraq now takes centre-stage in the press and media where the journalists and talking heads of the media point out that ISIS have taken civilians hostage and are using them as human shields, yet in Eastern Aleppo no such mention is made of ISIS taking hostages or using human shields. No. The nasty Ruskies and Syrian army are bombing innocent civilians!

So we see the stark reality of western Zionist media hypocrisy in their hysterical condemnation of Syria and Russia damning them with allegations of war crimes when the Jewish Zionist controlled governments of the West and Gulf Arab states are guilty of far worse crimes against humanity.

Why is it these wars in the Middle East are even happening anyway you may ask and who benefits from these seemingly endless savage wars of aggression? We can get a clue from U.S. General Wesley Clark, who happens to be Jewish, who made this statement to the journalist Amy Goodman on the *Democracy Now* TV show in 2007 *www.globalresearch.ca*. General Clark laid it out that the decision had been made to launch a war on President Saddam Husseins's Iraq just days after 9/11 without any evidence of links to Al-Qaeda or terrorism, going on to say that in a memo from the Secretary of Defence's office he received a few weeks later plans were afoot to "take out" seven countries in five years.

"So I came back to see him a few weeks later and by that time we were bombing in Afghanistan. I said 'Are we still going to war with Iraq?' and he said 'Oh, it's worse than that.' He reached over on his desk. He picked up a piece of paper. He said 'I just got this from upstairs' - meaning the Secretary of Defence's office - 'today.' And he said, 'This is a memo that describes how we're going to take out seven countries in five years, starting with Iraq and then Syria, Lebanon, Libya, Somalia, Sudan and finishing off Iran.' I said 'Is it classified?' He said 'Yes Sir,' I said, 'Well don't show it to me.' And I saw him a year or so ago and I said 'You remember that?' He said 'Sir, I didn't show you that memo! I didn't show it to you!'"

I guess they're behind schedule but this shows the wars in the Middle East were planned years in advance and what we see in Syria now is the continuance of the Zionist plan for regime change in the region which will obviously benefit Israel who are no strangers to committing war crimes themselves as reported at *www.amnesty.org* Hillary Clinton's emails disclose the complicity at the highest levels of the US government with their knowledge of clandestine financial and logistical support given by Saudi Arabia and Qatar to ISIL and associated Jihadi terrorist groups to achieve these evil aims!

The Zionist Oded Yinon plan for a Greater Israel sets out the Jewish plan to expand the state of Israel to stretch from the banks of the Nile to the banks of the Euphrates. Set in context of the wars in the Middle East to depose the Zionist entities enemies such as Gaddafi's Libya and Assad's Syria whilst weakening and balkanising the surrounding Arab states to facilitate Israel's expansion and dominance in the region the plan is reported on at *www.globalresearch.ca*. Things were going swimmingly for the Jewish illegal state of Israel and their Zionist poodles in the West but perhaps Syria with help from Putin's Russia can put a stick in the spokes of their wheel!

For Real News not Fake News

The Blatant Bias Corporation (BBC) has long lost all credibility as have the national newspapers who are losing readers and money hand over fist.
For real news try some of these websites:
RT (Russia Today), SANA (Syrian Arab News Agency),
Viewable on our website Links Page at:-
www.candour.org.uk

Truth = *Candour*

Some Back Issues of *Candour* Wanted

Please contact your Editor Colin Todd if you have copies of the following issues of *Candour* available:
Vol. 39 No. 5 1988
Vol. 32 No. 5 1981
Vol. 28 No's. 1,2,3 1977
Vol. 27 No's 1 & 4 1976
Vol. 26 No. 1 1975
Please email me at *akctrust@yahoo.co.uk*
or write to:
BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, Ukl

Photocopies of these issues are also welcome. If the quality is good enough we can scan and reprint .

It's One Minute to Midnight

By Sidney Secular
Managing Editor of the
***Citizens Informer* the newspaper of the**
Council of Conservative Citizens
conservative-headlines.com

The brutal and overwhelming fact is that Whites are slowly descending into oblivion. All the trends are against us: It's reached the point where --- in their minds -- our end is justified by their means.

We idealize our brave ancestors—real White men who actually fought their enemies, with or without weapons in their hands. Now, even the police are vilified (and assassinated) for using justifiable force against feral ghetto residents and other swarthy criminal invaders.

Right now, the White race is facing an extinction, event in their homelands, due to the abolition of natural borders and the suspension of anything resembling immigration laws. Here in the USA, we're basically doing nothing to prevent our own genocide. At least at the moment, we think we have Donald Trump to do battle for us: He's awakened long suppressed residual instincts in us.

Europe seems like a buffer but it won't be for long with Muslim terrorists entrenched everywhere and waiting for the signal to create havoc. The so-called terror attacks to date are but mere pinpricks compared to the big dirty bomb and chemical or biological assaults to come. Meanwhile, Muslims are literally beheading priests at the altar and stabbing and slashing White people with knives on the streets of Europe.

Adherents of this "religion of peace and tolerance" are also busily raping women by the thousands, with the stated intention of impregnating their victims with brown babies in order to pollute and destroy our bloodlines: That's what the ISIS terrorists are claiming in their own media and websites. They have historic precedent for these outrages, and they think in terms of centuries and long-term goals, not the latest fashion trends.

We are no longer waiting for the balloon to burst: It already did so when America's answer to Third World dictatorship abolished our borders with the stroke of his pen on November 20, 2014. The spineless quislings and collaborators known as RINOs caved under the threat of being labeled "racist" if they had opposed him.

In Europe, some resistance to this unprecedented invasion is developing in the form of minor scuffles, petty vandalism, and burning down refugee holding pens, done when the buildings were empty in order to avoid real injury. A small number of invaders are randomly being returned to their nations of origin.

The only exception to this are some really black Africans and Algerians and Moroccans, who are correctly recognized as bottom feeders looking for handouts, and not legitimate refugees. 80% of the invaders are just such "economic migrants" with no marketable skills.

Several Eastern European countries are holding the line and keeping the invaders out, a task sometimes requiring as many as three parallel fences to do the trick. These are people who have not lost their instinct for survival, and don't want their cultures adulterated.

The invaders are often forced to find other means of access, such as soft-hearted Italians with equally soft heads, who pluck large numbers of invaders from their improvised "vessels" found in coastal waters, and invite them to reunite with the invading forces already landed.

European authorities (many as spineless and traitorous as our own,) have swung into action to arrest and imprison many Whites who dare to criticize the invaders on social media. German citizens are sitting in jail cells for saying unkind things about Angela Merkel on Facebook. Germans are being forced to provide social services to migrants and to "quarter" them in their own residences. In Britain, people have been arrested for posting comments critical of Prime Minister Teresa May or demanding implementation of Brexit.

We respond to all of this with symbolic acts, such as posting pictures of guns, Vikings, SS men, and Confederate soldiers or flags, or racialist T-shirts with runes and similar symbols. This is probably the only war in history where only one side is really fighting. Aside from a few shouted words, a bit of scuffling initiated by the "bad guys," and setting fires in empty buildings, there is little "push-back" from our side.

The invaders appear perfectly content, except to gripe about the food they're served, or not being supplied with the latest cell phones. This absence of an appropriate response is the result of 50 years of leftist indoctrination, which has emasculated White males, who have become cowed by the twin stigmas of slavery and "white privilege."

Apparently, even issues involving our very survival as a race are inadequate to move us to forcibly (forcefully?) resist. Maybe it requires the accumulation of thousands of not-so-petty injuries and injustices to ignite a fire under us. Perhaps a dismal lack of job prospects -- such as being forced to live in your parents' basement or being forced to deliver pizzas 3 nights per week -- will do the trick.

Unfortunately, the increasing drug epidemic among lower and middle class Whites is dulling our senses and sense of outrage, and militating against any resistance or reaction. The dissolution of White family life is due to a number of problems generated by trying to survive in a society that is increasingly sick, unhinged, and unnatural, and this also militates against meaningful, coordinated action. Growing up in the 50s and 60s, I don't remember a single divorced couple or single-parent family (let alone a homo "family") in our circle of acquaintances, even in the New York City suburbs.

Many years ago, a Hungarian freedom fighter who fought the Soviet tanks in 1956 with a few Molotov cocktails, said to a White nationalist, "you are trying to fight the greatest evil humanity has ever known with nothing but words, and that is why you will fail." So it has come to pass.

This is an incitement to change, but not to engage in violence or criminal activity. The Dylann Roofs of this world do the cause immeasurable harm, and provide the Corrupt Leftist Media with ammunition they couldn't have purchased, invented or manufactured.

It is obvious that the only way there can be change in this putrid society is for us to get off our asses and physically change things. Whatever must be done to recover White control of some portion of the Earth must be done now. It cannot be done through the usual political methodology. You must participate in political, social, and economic resistance in some form other than words, although words are a necessary adjunct to physical activity.

This participation can be anything, and it doesn't have to be direct action. You must transform yourself into the kind of man or woman your great-grand- father would have admired. We can't afford to slough things off with glib excuses and rationalizations such as "Things have to get worse before they can get

better." This truism may apply to alcoholics, but it does not apply to civilizations.

For over 70 years, with a few notable exceptions, we have been attempting to secure the existence of our people and a future for White children with nothing but words. One crusade after another has tried the same, tired methods and foundered on our refusal to undergo any genuine risk or inconvenience. Unless there is an abrupt, meaningful change in our course, we will become extinct like the dodo bird or passenger pigeon.

A simple, legal thing you can do is kick in $10 per month to an action oriented organization such as the Council of Conservative Citizens, the Traditionalist Worker Party, or The American Freedom Union. You won't miss one less six-pack of beer a month, right? Beyond that, you have to leave worthy nationalist organizations with sizeable bequests in your will, and do it now before you forget. The other charities you are inclined to favor with your bequests have thousands of supporters and can get along without you.

You must support the White nationalist movement with something besides words and playing with keyboards. Your involvement should include direct interactions with Caucasian human beings, if possible: That type of involvement, where you actually look into someone's eyes, has almost ceased in the world of social media and the internet, and has resulted in the increasing isolation of the White male from society, especially with our increasing isolation from women of our race.

While you're at it, unplug the TV and use that rescued time for reading or social activities and meeting with other activists.

It is wonderful how liberating dumping your TV is !

From Some Letters to *Candour*

We do not often publish from letters to the Editor but after our Special Appeal in the last issue (November 2016) and the continuing need for funds, I think a small sample are well worth printing. I have been extremely moved by the support of those who have contributed thus far.

You can keep this momentum going.

Support is still coming in not only from our subscribers but from the British diaspora. *Candour* has worked long and hard to bring about this reunion of minds. This is just the beginning. *Britons Unite!*

Together we can move mountains. I have deliberately and otherwise burned every bridge behind me. That means my only way is forward. Survival followed by who knows what adventures....

Colin Todd.

A Letter from Australia

Dear Colin,

Many thanks for keeping in touch. Much appreciated.

2016 was not the best year. Being a pensioner I'm in pecuniary financial circumstances.

I am reduced to going to charities for food parcels!

Battling to meet utility bills, health problems and am just recovering from pneumonia.

Am making a fresh start and my new slogan for 2017 is ***'Not Dead Yet'***.

Really enjoyed issue 866. Especially the articles on the Pink Beret and the Grey Scouts.

I was in Rhodesia and am proud to have made a humble contribution. Long story there.

Enclosed is a $50.00 US bill for a subscription renewal.

Colin the more you meet people the more you love your dog. Why? Because a dog will not cut your throat or stab you in the back!

Best wishes to all the *Candour* crew for 2017.

God bless. Stay safe and good health.

Empire Patriot.

Australian Subscriber.

From England

Dear Colin,

I enclose a cheque for £1,000 to help you....

I am an old-age pensioner so forgive me for being unable to send more,

May God bless you and help you to keep fighting for our cause.

Yours faithfully,

An Englishman. Subscriber.

Colin,

Our movement has never been at a lower ebb and we need *Candour* and its archive to survive.

I hope the enclosed cheque (£150) will help in the fight.

A Farmer. Subscriber.

Vive La France!

£200 for the memory of Rosine. Colin please destroy the grave robbers.

A French Comrade in Solidarity. Subscriber.

A Letter from America

Ahoy Sweeny!

It's Donald Trump time!

Mr. Trump's arrival on the scene truly is a political earthquake of Biblical proportions. I know that most of our friends in Nationalist -space believe bad things about Herr Trump. Namely that he is insufficiently racially conscious, insufficiently NS, wet-behind-the-ears, in too well with Israel, etc, etc, etc. But it is undisputed that he tramples over the Marxist, Globalist mainstream media and the American politician class.

Just look at how hysterical their anguish is!

I'm praying fervently to All the Cosmic Powers Available that the Complete Mr. Trump Agenda of closing the border / building the Wall / deporting illegals comes to fruition and with great speed!

Sorry my contributions are less meaty than usual, I'm suffering from post - retirement funding shock. I will contribute what I can and I totally support your efforts with *CANDOUR* - and the WAR you must wage against the hideous forces of intimidation that you face in Great Britain. Thanks very much for your excellent resistance!

Ex- United States Navy. American Subscriber.

A SALUTE TO OUR *TINTIN*

By Rosine de Bounevialle and Colin Todd
akctrust@yahoo.co.uk

The following article is a revised combination of three articles that originally appeared in two consecutive issues of Candour back in 1994 with some additions. Both issues sold out completely and because of various state inspired disruptions I have found it very difficult to even find copies and work on an updated version. The demand is there!

Spread the word!

LEON DEGRELLE was a hero Catholic who fought the real enemy in the right place - The Russian Front. He and his comrades in the Waffen SS, volunteers to a man, suffered as yet mostly untold miseries from weather, wounds, treason and defeat in that Arctic hell, but they fought the right enemy with matchless valour and thus have now nothing to regret.

The British soldiers also valiantly endured all miseries from weather, wounds, treason, frustration, imprisonment and - victorious defeat, for they fought the "wrong" enemy in places chosen for them by their own treacherous civilian leaders, and thus have everything to regret.

They thought that they were giving their lives for "England, Home and Beauty" as had their fathers before them; and, as their fathers did, they cling to that fallacy rather than live with "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame".

Alas, whose was the better part?

WHO WAS LEON DEGRELLE?

LEON DEGRELLE was born on June 15, 1906, to a French speaking Walloon family in Belgium. He would go on to become an international traveller, journalist, author, political man, soldier and successful businessman.

By the age of 24, Degrelle had established his own Catholic publishing house, Christus Rex, and soon after established the Rexist political movement, with a view to putting his Catholic and political views into practice.

In spite of a desperate lack of funds, Degrelle and his followers embarked on a programme of social improvement at a time of political, financial and industrial chaos in Belgium. They opened and manned soup kitchens, clothed the children of the unemployed and everywhere Degrelle was to be seen working harder than any. He also addressed a staggering two thousand political meetings. The result was that in the May 1936 elections the Rexists stunned the "old gang" and won 33 seats in Parliament.

From that moment the forces of massed reaction were gunning for the Rexists. The representatives of the Vatican even declared it a mortal sin for Catholics to vote for the Rexist (Christ the King) movement! By 1939, due to this campaign of vilification and intimidation, the Rexists were reduced to four seats in parliament, but Degrelle himself gained a seat in April of that year

Storm Clouds of War

Seeing the storm clouds of war gathering over Europe and understanding the awful intent of the evil forces bent on a second, bloody, fratricidal war, Degrelle put all of his considerable energy and intellect into campaigning for peace be-

Left: Tintin and Snowy. Above: General Leon Degrelle Divisional Commander of the 28th Volunteer - Panzer - Grenadier Division *Walloonien*.

tween the nations of Europe. For this at the outbreak of the Second Brothers War, he was interned by the Belgian government.

After the invasion of the Low Countries in 1940 by the Germans, Degrelle was freed and resumed his political and publishing work. His life, though, was to change forever with the invasion of Soviet Russia by Hitler in June of 1941.

Degrelle volunteered to form a French - speaking Walloon unit to fight alongside the Germans against Communism. Indeed to launch a "European Crusade" to destroy Bolshevism. His offer was accepted by the Germans and the first of what would eventually be thousands of young Belgians rushed to enrol in the fledgling units *Wallonian* and *Langemarck* (Flemish speakers). Each would eventually become a full division in the Waffen (fighting) SS. Degrelle refused the commission he was offered and insisted instead on joining as a private. After training the *Wallonie* were thrown into the maelstrom that was the Eastern Front. (For a full account of Degrelle's war, see his book, *Campaign in Russia: Waffen SS on the Eastern Front.)*

Leon Degrelle was personally involved in 75 hand - to - hand combat actions, was wounded 34 times, seven severely. By May 1945 he had risen through every rank from private to become Standartenfuerer Leon Degrelle, Divisional Commander of 28th Volunteer - Panzer - Grenadier Division *Walloonien*, and was the only non - German to win the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves . In the last desperate days of the war, Degrelle, fighting all the way, led the last of his loyal Walloons clear of capture by the Soviets.

Flight to Spain

Refusing the unconditional surrender demanded by the allies, Degrelle, aided by a German pilot, embarked on a desperate gamble to fly the 1,500 miles from Oslo in Norway to Franco's Spain. After surviving repeated air attacks and anti-aircraft fire, the aircraft ran out of fuel in sight of the coast of Spain and crashed into the sea. He was rescued by surprised but friendly Spaniards and being again very badly injured by the impact spent many months in hospital recuperating.

Franco, impressed by Degrelle, refused demands from Belgium to return him for a show trial. Franco also provided him with an armed guard in case of a kidnap attempt or assassination. During his years in Spain, Degrelle was twice sentenced to death *in absentia* by Belgian courts.

On recovering his health he began to build a life for himself in Madrid and later Malaga. He became a successful businessman and renowned collector of fine art. He never ceased his political work, writing a dozen major books and and addressing many rallies. As recently as last November (1993. Ed), at the age of 86, Degrelle was due to speak to a rally of one thousand invited young European comrades. However, his finally failing health and battered body, despite his spirit, meant that the meeting was postponed.

On March 31, 1994, Leon Degrelle died peacefully and went to his eternal reward.

"You must train harder than the enemy who is trying to kill you. You will get all the rest you need in the grave."
- Leon Degrelle.

The Truth about Tintin

TINTIN, the foremost famous cartoon character and ever-youthful adventurer, was the creation of Georges Remi, better known by his pen name of HERGE. Herge was born in Brussels on May 22, 1907. In 1928 he became the graphics editor of *Le Petit Vintierne*, a Catholic paper for young French-speaking Belgians (or Walloons).
In 1929 the first episodes of the original Tintin adventure appeared in the paper. It was titled "*Tintin in the Land of the Soviets*". It showed Soviet Russia for the nightmare world that it was.. Tintin is here the reporter for *Le Petit Vingtierne*, just as in life at that time Degrelle was a reporter for the same newspaper.

In his future adventures Tintin took on International Financiers, international drug smugglers, war profiteers and corrupt politicians, among others! In "*Tintin in America*", the United States is shown to be a country where injustice is the law and where the ruling obsession is money.

Herge and Degrelle maintained a loyal friendship until Herge's death on March 2, 1983. In 1944 Herge was arrested by the British Military Police and taken for questioning about him being a "fifth columnist" and "collaborator". As he was led from his home, a small boy was heard to shout, "They can't arrest him. Tintin is not a bandit!"

Herge was abused and denigrated by the Belgian press and politicians after the war, but the children and adult readers of Tintin continued to create such a massive demand for his adventures that they could not long be suppressed. Today, the adventures of Tintin are in print in 29 languages and sales run to tens of millions of books.

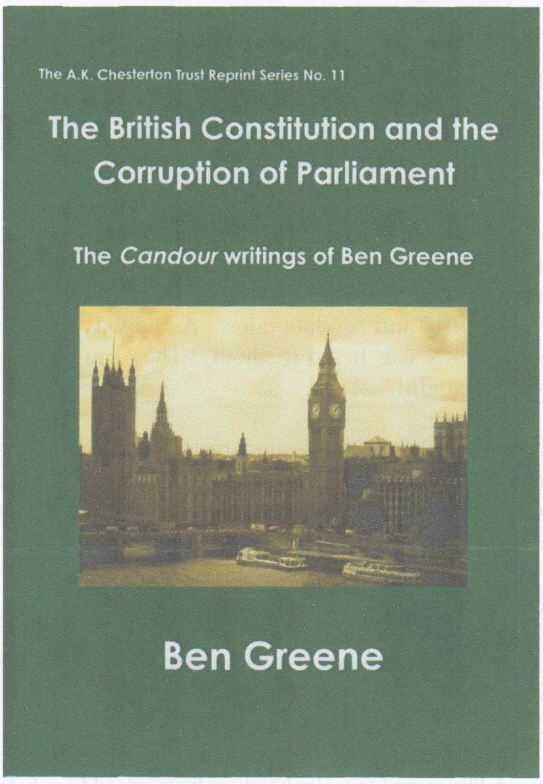
Before his death Herge used a large part of his royalties in employing the best lawyers to defend men and women charged with "collaborating with the enemy".

Herge based Tintin on Degrelle because he worked to achieve the "impossible purity" through his character and that was the guiding force of Degrelle's life. Now Herge and Degrelle are no longer with us, but the once despised hero is now universally admired.

Farewell Tintin
SALUTE!

The British Constitution and the Corruption of Parliament: Ben Greene

A Review by Jess Fuller


The A.K. Chesterton Trust Reprint Series No. 11
The British Constitution and the Corruption of Parliament
The *Candour* writings of Ben Greene
Ben Greene

Following Rob Black and Hugh McNeile's excellent ***History of the League of Empire Loyalists and Candour*** and as part of *Candour's* ongoing classic reprint series, comes the writings of 'gentle-giant' Ben Greene, entitled ***The British Constitution and the Corruption of Parliament***, a slim racing green edition with a sepia image of the 'other' Big Ben looming ominously over the Thames Embankment.

Broken down into five sections, and based on essays originally published in Candour between 1956-77; The Party System and the Corruption of Parliament, The Party System in Britain, The Restoration of the English Constitution, Restore Our Constitution and Constitutional Rights Destroyed, what one gleans on close reading, is the development of Greene's political thinking as he lifts his scalpel to dissect the sclerosis at the very heart of post war British politics. And trust me, what Ben Greene attempts is nothing short of a full coronary bypass. Which is possibly why, he was never able to complete the book in his own lifetime?

And that is another aspect of this intimate little text that is worthy of special mention. It is sensitively augmented with a biographical sketch by the skilled writing of Rob Black and newcomer Tregunta Cathcart, that beautifully captures the trials and tribulations of Ben's life. From Berkhamsted School to Wadham College; from his conversion to Quaker pacifism and his humanitarian efforts in Russia and Germany; along with his entrepreneurial adventures throughout the 30's, 40's, 50's and beyond. Nothing escapes their attention. Inevitably, dwelling on his period of internment following his involvement with the Duke of Bedford, John Beckett and the British People's Party under 18b. An emotionally tragic episode which scarred this latter day Don Quixote as he went about tilting at the creaking windmills of the British establishment.

And trust me there was a lot of jousting to be done. From the outset Greene asserted that the 'Parliamentary Constitution rested on one single principle that all authority was subject to the law of the land derived solely from the consent of the people which no ruler could change or disregard but which he was bound to administer'. His argument, based on well-articulated fact is that this had been steadily undermined by the political parties founded by Joseph Chamberlain and Benjamin Disraeli respectively. 'Today, he claims, 'great systems of stable and free government survives only as an ever dwindling tradition without legal force'.

Almost the opening shot of his essay The British Constitution and the Corruption of Parliament, is to warn of the inherent dangers involved, quoting Edmund Burke, from his book 'Present Discontents':

'Wherever Parliament is persuaded to assume the offices of the executive government, it will lose all the confidence, love and veneration, which it has ever enjoyed whilst it was supposed to be the corrective and control on the acting powers of the state. This would be the event though its conduct in such a perversion of its functions would be tolerable, just and moderate; but if it should be iniquitous, violent, full of passion, and full of faction, it would be considered as the most intolerable of all the modes of tyranny'.

And it is Greene's contentions that Burke's worst fears have been confirmed. His reading of Dicey's 'Lectures Introductory to the Study of the Law of the Constitution', of 1885 reinforced his view that the doctrine of Parliamentary Sovereignty was being eroded. Especially when Dicey himself stated in 1914: 'During the last forty years faith in Parliamentary Government has suffered an extraordinary decline, or as some would say, a temporary eclipse. This change is visible in every civilized country'.

Dicey's comments, coming at an auspicious time, given the turbulence about to assail Europe, further convincing Greene that 'the consequence of a century of Party Cabinet Government has been catastrophic. Under our Parliamentary Constitution we became the most powerful nation in the world; we became the work-shop of the world; we ruled the seas and founded a mighty empire; we were the great custodians of civil and political liberty.' But then he poses, 'Are we still the nation of the free? And this is the fundamental issue, the kernel of his question. Is the Party dominated politics he saw emerging during his lifetime capable of meeting the challenges that face the nation today?

And of course the answer is a resounding No! Greene did not need to be clairvoyant to foresee the likes of Heath, Wilson, Callaghan, Thatcher, Major, Blair, Brown and Cameron. The pipsqueak politicians of crony capitalism that have been bequeathed us through corruption and putrescence of the party system. I ask you, could someone like Ed Miliband (the son of Ralph, a Jewish immigrant and known Marxist who hated

Britain and all the traditions we stand for) have emerged as a potential Prime Minister through any uncontaminated selection system. Or is he and his ilk the direct spawn of such mutations? And to think, as Greene rightfully claims: 'It is undeniable that Parliament has suffered in the eyes of the general public a loss of prestige in the last seventy years…It must not be forgotten that there can be no check upon the unscrupulous use of power by a Government which finds it is in command of a majority in the House of Commons'.

Is this not illustrated by Blair and the Iraq debacle? As Greene reports of an anecdotal and complacent comment made by one particular cabinet minister, 'Britain is now a medium sized power whose security depends upon NATO, whose economic future may lie within the expanded European Market, whose prosperity is conditioned by the world monetary system and whose industrial future is being partly shaped by huge international companies with headquarters in Detroit, Eindhoven and Tokyo'.

Are these really the people we elect to lead our people? Machiavelli would be turning over in his grave. Greene goes on in The Party System in Britain, that the 'British system of government based upon professional party politicians has palpably failed'. Referencing Walter Bagehot's commentary that the party system is a 'delicate experiment' that has 'assumed control of the most powerful industrial, mercantile and political liberty by which all progressive ideas throughout the world was guided and inspired'. Can it be seriously doubted that the diminution of our great Empire, with its military, economic and cultural reach has simultaneously declined just as the wretched hand of party politics tightened its grip on the Parliamentary jugular.

Quoting Dicey from 1905, in his essay The Restoration of the English Constitution: Parliamentary sovereignty is an instrument well adapted for the establishment of democratic despotism'. Greene even predicts the sale and trade in honours and titles decades before Parliament was mired in such accusations under the Major and Blair regimes. Turning on what he saw to be an unsustainable reign of professional politicians, Greene insists in Restore Our Constitution, 'The Supreme object of the English Constitution was to ensure that the government of the country was directed to national ends? He is not partisan in his belief that parties of all hues and shades have connived in the Constitution's decline, saying: 'All major parties are responsible for destroying the freedom of parliament.…' And returning to Burke:

'For my part I shall be compelled to conclude the principle of parliament to be corrupted and therefore its end entirely defeated when I see the two symptoms: first, a rule of indiscriminate support to all ministers; because this destroys the very end of parliament as a control, and is a general previous sanction to misgovernment; and secondly, the setting up of any claims adverse to the right of free election, for this tends to subvert the legal authority by which the house of commons sits'.

And who would deny that we are not trudging along that road to serfdom, shackled by political correctness? Force-fed the platitudes parroted by career politicians, who are often dependent on, or contriving to gain the ethnic block vote they have irresponsibly imported, for just such an anti-democratic purpose. These self-same people, the direct beneficiaries of the election frauds so openly practiced in said immigrant communities, and their parties joining forces in all sorts of combinations to block the progress of alternative parties that might seek to change the status-quo or implement the cure the likes of Ben Greene have long advocated.

In many ways Ben Greene was the archetypal canary down the coal-mine. And although he risks the reader's patience by repeating several quotes and revisiting many key themes in each of the separate essays, we would still do well to heed his call. For without the surgery he recommends the patient will continue to require life-support. And we all know whose greasy little finger is on the button in the hospital ward.

The latest version we have for sale is the 2nd edition:
It includes a new introduction by his daughter, Leslie Greene, which we recently discovered in the archives. Leslie was at one time the Organising Secretary of the *League of Empire Loyalists* and was a great friend to *Candour* over several decades.

***The British Constitution and the Corruption of Parliament* by Ben Greene is available for £6.00 plus 20% postage payable to *The A.K. Chesterton Trust*, at:**
BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, U.K.

Also from our website at *www.candour.org.uk* where you can pay directly using PayPal.

"BIG BEN"

Ben Greene was part of the extraordinary Greene family. His brother was the spy and novelist Grahame Greene.
A maverick by nature and a colossus in stature Ben Greene was a gentle giant who stood six feet eight inches tall.
Ben was interned under the despicable 18b regulations during World War II because of his involvement in the original British People's Party and his determination to campaign to prevent a second brothers war.

His daughter Leslie, **left**, pictured at a LEL demonstration-was another extraordinary person who with other amazingly determined ladies formed the vanguard of the League of Empire Loyalists. She would later marry Michael von Goetz, an American, whose sister became the secretary to Commander George Lincoln Rockwell.
A story for another day.....

Keep Faith With *Candour*
***Candour* Keeps the Faith!**

Almost Forgotten Genius: H. Rider Haggard

By Ian Buckley

This article first appeared in the late John Tyndall's journal *Spearhead* in July 2002

H. Rider Haggard

Though a vastly popular writer at one time, Henry Rider Haggard is now more or less ignored. Even *King Solomon's Mines*, Allan Quatermain and *She* have almost disappeared from the bookshops and libraries, to say nothing of the writer's forty odd other books, most of which have been out of print for decades.

This neglect of Haggard is no accident, but rather reflects a considered policy of the poisonous cult of political correctness. His stories always celebrate the virtues of honour, nobility, loyalty and courage, and so are at odds with the shabby modern world, whose only real God is money. Rider Haggard saw the beginnings of this distasteful trend and, as he says towards the end of *Allan Quatermain* (1887):

"Well it is not a good world - nobody can say that it is, save those who wilfully blind themselves to facts. How can a world be good in which Money is the moving power, and self-interest the guiding star? The wonder is not that it is so bad, but there should be any good left in it."

Or again, in *Allan Quatermain*, we find the following pithy and wise comment:

"For instance the law of England is much more severe upon offences against property than against the person, as becomes a people whose ruling passion is money. A man may half-kick his wife to death or inflict horrible sufferings upon his children at a much cheaper rate of punishment than he can compound for the theft of a pair of old boots."

Surely in his own sub-creational world, the dashing Allan Quatermain has more reality about him than does the ludicrous figure of the Prime Deciever, Mr Tony Blair!

Henry Rider Haggard was born in 1856 at West Bradenham, Norfolk, the son of the local squire. The youngest of eight children, he was a slow developer and was originally viewed as the family dunce. Today, ambitious young people face continually diminishing horizons, but fortunately for Haggard there were many opportunities then available in Africa.

Like his close friend, Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard played an active part in building the British Empire. As private secretary to Commissioner Shepstone, he was one of the party that annexes the Transvaal in 1887. Again like Kipling, he was a keen defender of British imperial expansion, but also had some sympathy to spare for those displaced by the process. For, in the final analysis was it the British Empire that advanced into the Zulu homeland... or the Rothschild Empire, seeking gold and diamonds and - more important - the raw power that these precious commodities represented?

Another reason for Haggard's present-day unpopularity can be found in his Private Diaries published in 1980. These diaries reveal him to be an unabashed conspiracy theorist. Those who hold up their hands in horror at this should reflect that Rider Haggard only came to these particular views after long and careful reflexion, just as was the case with another famous author and administrator, John Buchan. Are such men, with wide experience of the world of public service, likely to have been completely wrong? My own view is that, in matters of great national and international importance, there should never be any forbidden areas of discussion. If any taboo subjects exist, then logically one should become more suspicious on encountering them, while always taking care not to descend into gibbering paranoia.

In any case, Rider Haggard's opinions on what happened in South Africa towards the end of the nineteenth century have now been mostly confirmed by a mainstream book, *The Randlords*, by Geoffrey Wheatcroft.

Haggard's first major literary success, *King Solomon's Mines*, was written as the result of a bet that he made that he could produce an adventure story as good as Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. As with most of Haggard's later books, *King Solomon's Mines* is a blend of carefully observed realism and wild flights of imagination.

Haggard's interest in the esoteric and supernatural came to the fore in *She*, a story of the undying Ayesha, ruler of the lost kingdom of Kor. She, with its blend of mysticism and carefully sketched archeological background, was appreciated by no lesser figure than Carl Jung. Rider Haggard's She can be understood and appreciated on many different levels - as is the true mark of a great writer. The following quote illustrates this:

"The religions come and the religions pass, and the civilisations come and pass, and naught endures but the world and human nature. Ah! If man would but see that hope is from within and not from without - that he himself must work out his own salvation."

The rest of Haggard's many books cover so many different genres - historical fiction, fantasy and adventure, for instance - that it is quite difficult to single out specific works. A good introduction to his historical fiction would be *The Wanderer's*

Necklace, which tells the tale of the Norseman Olaf, who became captain of the Varangian guard at Constantinople:

"Instantly from three hundred throats, above the sound of running feet that drew ever nearer, came the answering shout of "Valhalla, Valhalla! Victory or Valhalla!" Then out of the gloom up dashed the Northmen."

Eric Brighteyes, written some 25 years before *The Wanderer's Necklace*, also explores the ancient Northern world, and is perhaps the best modern work written in the form of an Icelandic saga.

"When Eric left her, Gudruda drew yet nearer to the edge of the mighty falls, and seated herself on the very brink. Her breast was full of joy, and there she sat letting the splendour of the night and the greatness of the rushing sounds sink into her heart. Yonder shore the setting sun, poised, as it were, on Westman's distant peaks, and here sped the waters, and by that path Eric had come back to her."

The twenty odd books and short stories devoted to the exploits of Allan Quatermain are also worthy of attention. Though some might (wrongly) view these adventure stories as juvenile, they are at the very least a welcome antidote to the electronic cesspit of television.

After his return from Africa, Haggard became an expert on the land, agriculture and rural poverty. His non-fiction books such as *The Land and the Poor* and *A Farmer's Year* based on extensive research and travelling, deal with problems such as rural depopulation. Haggard was one of the few men of influence who expressed sympathy and concern for the rural poor, a fact which should not be forgotten. It was for this work that Rider Haggard was knighted in 1912. His autobiography, The Days of My Life, published in 1926, just after his death.

Complete editions of most of Rider Haggard's books can be found online - including some hard-to-find out-of-print works - at:
http://onlinebooks.library.upenn.edu/
http://www.blackmask.com/

A Tribute to the Mocknies

By Willum James

B, oh Mr B, (Mr. Billy Bragg),
You`re working class, you`re just like me,
You strum guitar and sing me songs
You target toffs and right their wrongs.
The peoples champ just like Sir Bob,
That other saintly foul mouthed yob.
You made your mint by ways divine,
Then turned your back on me and mine.
With Labour pals this land you flood,
But turn away when virgin blood is spilt
as another English Rose is raped
but then I don't suppose you hear her cries or feel her pain.
The fear of when or if again.
Oh Mr B,
Oh Mr B,
You were NEVER working class you see.....

Mockney is an affected accent in imitation of the old Cockney accent. It is used usually by those of the upper-middle class . Sad.

Editorial

CANDOUR

I'll keep this editorial short and sweet.
We are all finding ourselves in stormy seas. So much going on and a little of it for the best. Who to trust? What to do? Why continue?
There is always a tipping point in history. A changing of the balance. We few could be the fulcrum. Think of that. Our refusal to bow to the enemies within or without for so many years has made us an especial target for the despisers and yet our determined independence is also our greatest strength. You can help me to keep *Candour* going and you can be part of that lever.

We know and must forever remember that the Devil always comes in disguise.

***Candour* will NEVER sell its soul to the enemy!**

Colin Todd.

So, "Sir" Philip Green, the Cat is well and truly Out of the BHS (British Home Stores) bag. What happens when some people laugh all the way to the bank and then to the yacht after ripping off British workers and ruining their pension plans? Ask "Captain Bob Maxwell" when you meet in a very warm place. Work on the tan!

A Powerful Letter from Ian W. Fotheringham to columnist Tom Utley of the *Daily Mail*

Mr Fotheringham is a friend of *Candour*.
Oxford graduate, retired Army officer and former nationalist parliamentary candidate.
To view him and many others speaking in public google:
London Forum Ian Fotheringham

31st December 2016

Dear Mr Utley,

I trust you and your family enjoyed Christmas and will have a Happy New Year. As I have previously told you, and we have discussed it, I used to love your father's writings and I usually enjoy yours.

Which is why I was disappointed by your article in the *Daily Mail* of 16th December. Like the curate's egg, parts of it were excellent. But you thought it necessary to excuse yourself for voting 'Leave' by launching an attack on knuckle dragging, ignorant racists, as if to say to the Remainers: 'Forgive me for voting as I did because I really am an educated internationalist; liberal, tolerant, undiscriminating and multicultural - just like you.' It reminds one of the Tom Lehrer song:

We are the folk song army
Everyone of us cares
We all hate poverty, war and injustice
Unlike the rest of you squares

This sort of thing has been labelled, I believe, virtue signalling. I am sure that you did not intend to have this effect on me or anyone else but you did and there it is.

I call myself a racialist. That does not mean that I drag my knuckles in the dust. Nor do I look down upon or despise or hate the peoples or tribes who differ from me in their mores or customs or inherited attributes. I find these differences interesting and refreshing but that does not mean that I would find them comfortable to live with. As Kipling put it:

The Stranger within my gate,
He may be true or kind,
But he does not talk my talk--
I cannot feel his mind.
I see the face and the eyes and the mouth,
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock,
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wonted to,
They are used to the lies I tell;
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy or sell.

The Stranger within my gates,
He may be evil or good,
But I cannot tell what powers control--
What reasons sway his mood;
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land
Shall repossess his blood.

The men of my own stock,
Bitter bad they may be,
But, at least, they hear the things I hear,
And see the things I see;
And whatever I think of them and their likes
They think of the likes of me.

This was my father's belief
And this is also mine:
Let the corn be all one sheaf--
And the grapes be all one vine,
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge
By bitter bread and wine

I believe that emotions similar to these expressed so forcefully by Kipling did animate many of those who voted for Brexit, but so many other factors were involved that the effect of this particular factor in isolation is indeterminable.

One thing must be made clear. If this is what racism is then there is nothing disreputable about it and it is indeed the attitude of most of mankind's nine or ten billion people. Chinese and Japanese particularly have no love for foreign devils and infinitely prefer their own kind. Arabs and semites, black men and brown choose the company of their own. It is the way culture and community are preserved and meaningless heterogeneity avoided, and is quite normal and natural. It is the default attitude of mankind.

And until about 1950 it was the default attitude of the British. I have lived since 1928 and can well remember how proudly my countrymen felt about themselves. In a free and free thinking land like ours there were and there always will be some variety of belief and opinion and some intellectuals were disciples of Gramski or Harold Laski anyway, but the vast majority thought in the way expressed here by Charles Dickens:

The Saxons themselves were a handsome people. The men were proud of their long fair hair, parted on the forehead; their ample beards, their fresh complexions and clear eyes. The beauty of the Saxon women filled all England with a new delight and grace.

I have more to tell of the Saxons yet, but I stop to say this now, because under the GREAT ALFRED, all the best points of the English-Saxon character were first encouraged, and in him first shown. It has been the greatest character among the nations of the earth. Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts; the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there, law and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to arise.

Shades of Cecil Rhodes and his Anglo-Saxon knighthood, but I could quote equivalent passages from very many Victorian authors (e.g. Kingsley, Bulmer, Haggard, Wren, Doyle, Wells) to show that this was the widespread feeling of the times – pride with arrogance – enduring throughout our history and certainly until and through the war until it changed, in a decade, to its opposite. You may imagine my lifetime of grief as horrors such as feminism, 'gay' rights, multiculturalism, tolerance (of anything provided it was un-British), political correctness and so on took centre stage for 65 years, an aberration that might, just as suddenly, have been reversed in 2016, and the status quo restored. We shall have to wait and see.

I am going to say, however, that those Victorian writers should have gotten around more. If they had, they would have discovered that the characteristics they attributed to the English were in fact the characteristics of northern man generally. They are the characteristics of the Scandinavians including the Icelanders, the Dutch and Flemings, the Germans and (particularly) the Lowland Scots where many English fled after the Battle of Hastings. These people are all of one Germanic stock, a stock which of course is also to be found in the USA and the ex-colonies.

These are the people I have personally found compatible and of a mind with myself when I sit down with them whether in Den Haag, Oslo , Hamburg or Copenhagen . They are all, in a very real sense, my countrymen. I am not at ease with Mediterranians or Arabs or Asians or Africans, all of whom I find to be unfathomable and who often seem to answer questions by asking themselves what answer would best please me rather than giving me the simple truth. And the Arab saying 'Me and my cousin against the world; me and my brother against my cousin' is simply a recipe for treachery and double dealing.

This attitude of the northerner is well illustrated by an excerpt from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's 'Harold' written in 1855:

The Great historian of Italy has said, that whenever the simple and truthful German came amongst the plotting and artful Italians, and experienced their duplicity and craft, he straightway became more false and subtle than the Italians themselves; to his own countrymen, indeed, he continued to retain his characteristic sincerity and good faith; but, once duped and tricked by the southern schemers, as if with a fierce scorn, he rejected troth with the truthless; he exulted in mastering them in their own wily statesmanship; and if reproached for insincerity, retorted with wonder, "Ye Italians, and complain of insincerity! How otherwise can one deal with you – how be safe amongst you?

When I was young I met an old Norwegian sea captain who said to me:

There are only two kinds of people in this world; those that live around the North Sea - and the rest of mankind.

His experience, like mine, is that the Northerners had shared characteristics of a special kind which gave rise to similar institutions, habits and mores. These did not arise by contagion. The Icelanders, for example, are very similar to the old English but we have had no chance to influence each other since 1066. As the Norse poet put it after the Norman curtain had come down:

Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule the English land.

Before 1066 Icelanders had frequent contact with England . Indeed king Athelstan might not have won the hard fought battle of Brunanburh in 937 which gave Wessex and Mercia hegemony over England without the assistance of two or three hundred Icelandic mercenaries under the leadership of the renowned Egil Skallagrimsson and his brother Thorolf, (who was killed). They killed two of the Danish leaders, the jarls Adils and Ring, drove back the Vikings, and were crucial to the Saxon victory. But since 1066 we have not been able to rub shoulders with our Scandinavian kindred.

If the Icelandic Althing and Westminster compete for the title of the most ancient parliamentary democracy and they have similar institutions it is not by imitation or example or propinquity. If these were the agents of political evolution we would have a French constitution as the French are close and their history is interlocked with ours.

But as J.S. Mill has pointed out the French love strong leaders, a Vercingetorix, a Louis XIV, a Napoleon, a De Gaulle – anyone who can get up on a white horse, their democratic requirement being only that everyone should have had a fair chance of becoming that leader or of basking in his shadow:

Each one of their number is willing, like the private soldier in an army, to abdicate his personal freedom of action into the hands of his general, provided the army is triumphant and victorious, and he is able to flatter himself that he is one of a conquering host, though the notion that he has himself any share in the domination exercised over the conquered is an illusion. A government strictly limited in its powers and attributions, required to hold its hands from over-meddling, and to let most things go on without its assuming the part of guardian or director, is not to the taste of such a people. In their eyes the possessors of authority can hardly take too much upon themselves, provided the authority itself is open to general competition.

Compare this with the English conviction that governmental powers should be restricted and confined and subjected to countervailing checks and balances, though proponents of both types of political belief are able to convince themselves that their system embodies the true form of democracy.

So is it in the elevation of liberty over equality as the key 'value' that distinguishes the Germans and their inherent (genetic) and 'racial' instincts and beliefs? Let us use some further quotations as guides:

Tacitus; first century AD

None of the Germanic peoples dwell in cities, and they do not even tolerate houses which are built in rows. They dwell apart, and at a distance from one another, according to the preference which they may have for the stream, the plain or the grove....They do not make use of stone cut from the quarry, or of tiles; for every kind of building they make use of unshapen wood, which falls short of beauty or attractiveness.
Their kings speak at their assemblies with influence to persuade rather than power to command.

Montesquieu; 'De L'Esprit des Lois' 1720's

The people of the north have, and will forever have, a spirit of liberty and independence, which the peoples of the Mediterranean do not have.

L.D. Baldwin; 'God's Englishman' 1943

Psychologically the Nordic was an introvert, gloomy, inarticulate and given to introspection. As a result he lived apart from his fellows and was self-reliant to the point of truculence.

Wingfield-Stratford; 'The History of British Civilization' 1928

From the first, the Anglo-Saxon had no idea of passive submission to authority: Loyalty he could understand and practice, but it must be freely given and for adequate reasons.

'Mercenary' has become a naughty word, almost as naughty as 'racist'. But perhaps we have failed to notice that the German character that gave us our Germanic freedoms and deliberative assemblies, litigiousness, juries, Magna Carta (in 1037 the Emperor Conrad promulgated a decree that *'No man shall be deprived of a fief.....but by the laws of the Empire and the judgement of his peers'*), the common law and accusatorial legal procedures – the list is endless, is found in the lands that are also famous for their soldiers of fortune, Iceland (see above), Denmark, Germany (remember Lord North's Hessians), Switzerland (the Papal guard), Lowland Scotland (25,000 Scots in the armies of Gustavus Adolphus) and even England. Anglo-Saxon housecarles were professional soldiers often recruited from distant parts of England ; their loyalty pledged, they were loyal unto death (see The Song of Maldon). And Chaucer's knight the '*verray parfit gentil knight*' who had fought nearly everywhere, Turkey, Prussia, Alexandria, Russia, '*as meek as is a mayde*' off the battlefield, knew his worth. '*And evermore he hadde* a *sovereyn prys*.'

So here you have it. An anti-social character who is obliged to forge institutions when he needs to co-operate with his shipmates, who is introverted, truthful, brave and stubborn, who has transferable loyalties which can be switched when the reciprocal cakes and ale dry up but not in breach of the terms of his given word. All of this a genetic inheritance.

If you were to empty England of all its inhabitants and replace them with sixty million Chinese all those institutions and 'values' would become redundant, to be replaced by a more than equally worthy civilisation based on authority and power and with much less emphasis on the military virtues. We can already see them being eroded under the weight of the incursion of foreigners who do not share the English genes. Do not forget the wise and percipient words of Thomas Hobbes:

The only difference between monarchy and tyranny or between democracy and anarchy resides in the outlook of the governed.

Now you know why I am a racialist. If you are not, it is probably because you were educated during the period of the great void that existed between 1945 and 2016.

Yours sincerely,

Ian W. Fotheringham

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THAT SPANISH EPISODE

by A.K. Chesterton

(Scene. Plymouth Hoe. Sir Francis Drake and his captains are playing bowls. Enter messenger.)

Messenger : Sir Francis Drake, Sir Francis Drake, the Spaniards are in sight.

Drake : What say you ? The Spaniards?

Messenger : Aye, Master, the Armada.

Drake : Zounds! These be terrible tidings.

1st Captain : Will you not finish your game, Master Drake?

Drake: Finish my game! Art thou knave or fool that thou shouldst make a sport of England's grim necessity?

2nd Captain : Then we put to sea, Sir Francis?

Drake : Put to sea! What shallow-pate bids me put to sea? Dost think I'll risk the charge that I am but an Imperialist warmonger. Good Master Eden shall put to sea, I doubt not, to place the tale of the Spanish abomination before the Security Council of the United Nations.

1st Captain : What for us to do then, good Master?

Drake : There's man's work to do. I must needs send reports in triplicate to the Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Thinkst thou that is not work enough for any valiant Englishman upon this solemn day ? (Enter second messenger.) Ho! What now, good messenger?

2nd Messenger : I bring tidings of great joy, Sir Francis. Washington's Pentagon, having heard of this stir of Spaniards, sends orders that they must be allowed to land and be treated royally. Philip of Spain hath endorsed the Charter of Human Rights, sent application to join the United Nations and consented to receive UNESCO's learned emissaries.

Drake : Tidings of joy, indeed. Let us prepare to lay our bloodless swords at great Philip's feet, and beseech the blessings of Heaven upon the outcome of our labours on this happy, happy day.

Captains : So say we all.

(Curtain.)

Reprinted from *Truth* # 3988 (1953).
AK Chesterton using his Caius Marcius Coriolanus identity.

"Never apologize and never explain, it's a sign of weakness."
"You can take everything a man has as long as you leave him his dignity."

John Wayne

ACTION REPORTS!

Fists Fly as Antifa is Repulsed in Attack on South - West Forum 7th January 2017

By Max Musson

www.westernspring.co.uk

An Antifa gang attacked a meeting of the South West Forum this afternoon, in an act of terrorism that backfired on them and left them running bruised and battered from the venue with their tails between their legs.

The meeting had commenced slightly later than planned and the first speaker Kevin Layzell had just finished speaking when a hail of rocks came flying through the windows showering the audience in glass.

As we looked round we saw approximately a dozen black clad figures with hoods and scarves around their faces kicking and punching two nationalists who had stepped outside momentarily. Immediately audience members rushed out to confront the attackers and a fist fight broke out in which several of the Antifa thugs received a sound battering before escaping and running away. Much to the surprise of the Antifa thugs, the nationalist audience was made of sterner stuff than they had anticipated and several older nationalists of pensionable age were seen to get the better of their much younger adversaries.

Several of the nationalists received minor injuries, but thankfully nothing serious.

Sadly the management of the venue did not want the meeting to continue following the disturbance as glaziers needed admission in order to repair the broken glass.

The meeting organiser, Julie Lake was punched during the fighting, but was bullish afterwards, and vowed that she will beef up security for further meetings, but will not allow this cowardly attack to divert her from her mission.

Following the proscription of *National Action* at the end of 2016 we wonder whether Amber Rudd (British Conservative Home Secretary) will be inclined to ban Antifa as an organisation that both encourages and commits acts of violence for political purposes.

The two reports printed here are not intended to put you off attending meetings of the various Forums. Quite the opposite. They are printed here to show you that there are men and women of all ages, from many groups or none, who are determined not to be intimidated or silenced.

GET INVOLVED AND GET ACTIVE!

Antifa Fail in Attack on London Forum 4th February

By Jez Turner

jezza,english@yahoo.co.uk

Saturday 4th February 2017, London, and the massed ranks of leftists and libtards were again on the march protesting against Donald Trump.

Thousands marched on London in protest against Donald Trump's travel ban and Theresa May's invitation to President for UK state visit.

They seem to overlook the fact that most people in these countries included in the travel ban could not care less about the ban.

Only rich government officials, plutocrats, and the liberals, (yes these countries have their traitorariats too), and terrorists of course, from those respective countries can even afford an air ticket to the USA.

But if these morons protesting in London think that Trump is bad, then they need to get a reality check as to how the world is moving and how the intellectual world is moving.

Undeterred by the mass mobs of leftists marching in London, The London Forum held a conference at The Holiday Inn hotel in Kensington with about 120 in attendance.

As expected, about an hour after the meeting started antifa protestors showed up outside the meeting venue. As usual they came masked up and throwing smoke bombs. The London Forum security team kept them at bay until the police arrived.

Thereafter there was a stand-off between the police and antifa, with antifa blockading the main entrance to the hotel and hurling abuse at anyone and everyone.

The hotel management and staff were excellent and explained to the protestors that they were no more responsible for the political views of those who rented their conference rooms, than they were for the political views of those who rented their bedrooms! They further added that the Holiday Inn hotel chain was legally obliged to stand by their contractual agreement with any group that had hired a conference venue. Thus The London Forum was allowed to continue its meeting.

Antifa chanted, had their loudhailer confiscated, and then moped around shivering in the cold outside for the next three and a half hours attempting to blockade the hotel entrance and hurling abuse at anyone and everyone. Meanwhile the London Forum attendees were enjoying a very successful meeting inside.

As the scheduled time for the meeting to end approached the Metropolitan Police issued an Official Dispersal Order to the brave, revolutionary antifa, which meant they had to disperse or be arrested. They dispersed. And then the police very kindly escorted London Forum attendees to the local tube station - the procession took on something of a victory march.

The question of course that needs to be asked is why the police allowed a bunch of masked thugs to blockade a hotel entrance, to let off smoke bombs and TERRORIZE hotel staff, passers-by, hotel guests and anyone and everyone who wasn't wearing a balaclava? Why weren't they arrested? Why wasn't the dispersal order issued within ten minutes? The answer to all of that of course lies in who actually funds, controls and makes up the bulk of antifa. The same people of course who control Britain. Same people, same agenda. It is something that needs to be rectified. And it is up to us to do it.

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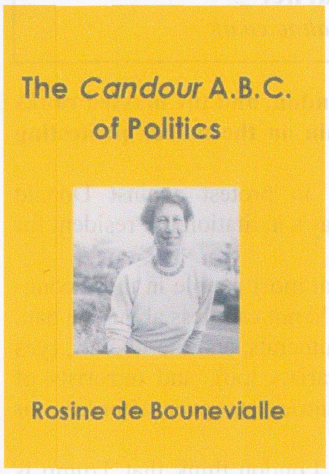

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By Rosine de Bounevialle

The *Candour* A. B. C. of Politics was originally serialised in *Candour* between August 1989 and August 1995. It was intended to publish in book form the text that our late editor Miss Rosine de Bounevialle referred to as her "only literary baby" but it was not to be in her lifetime.

The text is an idiosyncratic and wonderful testament of her values.

So much wisdom, knowledge and razor sharp observation must be in the hands *every one* who claims to be of us.

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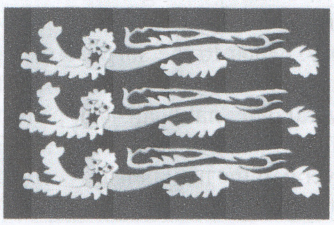

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March - April 2017

A Very Big Thank You So Far!

How I dream of being able to concentrate on the positive and to work on constructive projects. The enemy works by wearing us down from without and within. Such is our life.

As you will remember from my special appeal with the last issue to subscribers a grubby little gang of Gollum like creatures are trying to seize Forest House. Their full intentions are now becoming apparent as they use third parties to pass messages. It seems that all along the intention of the fake charity calling itself the Saint George Educational Trust (SGET) was to sell the property and demolish the house which our late editor Miss Rosine de Bounevialle loved so dearly and signed over to the SGET back in 1994. This battle has even moved on from the question of possession and to the Burke and Hare stage.

They really do intend to dig up Miss Rosine de Bounevialle's remains and bury them in a 'foreign field'. The Lord knows where and with whose permission? The executors of Miss Rosine de Bounevialle's Last Will & Testament are myself, Colin Todd, and a neighbour, Robert Lintott. We will NEVER allow this to happen. This may seem a peripheral point of principle to some. To myself and others it reveals the true mindset of some who pose as Traditionalist Catholics whose god is £££. If they can get away with this obscene outrage, and I am sorry to say they may, where next?

These are people Rosine did not even know and they and their accomplices will be named and shamed forever.

I have never been so disgusted or moved to cold rage by anything in my life.

It seems that selling a property with a grave in the grounds can greatly complicate the sheckel grabbing process . Rosine knew the foul enemy's intentions and for some two years before her untimely death on Christmas Eve 1999 (not the 25th as the creeps of the SGET repeatedly state in Court documents) fought desperately to have the Trust agreement scrapped. I, and others, believe that the heartbreak killed her. It took longer before the light dawned on me that I was dealing with scum but Rosine knew that I would eventually fight her corner when I sobered up. Yes. Like AK Chesterton I have had my problems with the bottle.

Honesty is the best policy. I, Colin Todd, have had to learn in my life so many hard lessons a very hard way. If you know me you will know that I am an old fashioned Geordie. Really soft on the inside but push me and you will be wondering what hit you and from where and how. Like a ton of brick.

The Appeal included with the last issue raised just over £2,000. A huge thank you to those who have donated this far. After two appearances by myself at Portsmouth County Court we have managed to get the enemy to eventually show their real intentions and ugly faces.

Time to push on. A 25% levy on donations is being taken by the webmaster which is going into another fund to try and ensure the future of *Candour* should anything happen to me.

Please see the enclosed leaflet titled **Grave Robbers: The Shame of the 'St.George Educational Trust'** for more information and background about the characters behind this disgusting situation.

Our main aim now must be to put this outfit, the SGET, in the spotlight and finally out of business and aim that spotlight on the stooges who are fronting the land grab and grave robbery and even more importantly at those lurking in the shadows who pull their strings and are out to pull off a massive property scam potentially worth millions.

I have refused a bribe offer of £6,000 from the grave robbers to get out of Forest House. Not my style or Rosine's. Obviously.

I'll do my best to fight on with your help.

End for the Royal Marines?

The Daily Telegraph Saturday 1 April (it was not an April's Fool joke unfortunately) reported that "The future of the Royal Marines is in jeopardy after the Defence Secretary refused to rule out cuts."
Amazing, is it not, how little the Conservative Party have ever conserved. Indeed I would suggest that they have destroyed even more than the socialist Labour Party.
"Sir Michael Fallon sidestepped questions over departmental savings following reports that the Ministry of Defence is facing a £10 billion deficit over the next decade.
It is understood that plans to reduce the number of marines could include removing the frontline role of one of its three commando units.
It comes after years of defence cuts and expensive procurement contracts with a small number of large defence firms. Military chiefs are quietly trying to find at least £1 billion a year in additional savings on top of an already stretched defence budget, according to *The Times.*
Sir Michael said there was 'not a lot' he recognised in the claims, but repeatedly dodged questions over cuts to the number of marines. He said on BBC Radio 4's *Today:* 'We have got 7,000 Royal Marines..... He said he had 'not agreed any cut in the size of the Royal Marines', but added: 'If something is no longer needed, if it's redundant, we need to make sure that we can put the savings back into new equipment.'"
Clear as mud then.
Frankly after the treatment meted out to Sgt Blackman of the Royal Marines, who was jailed for life for putting a miserable terrorist out of his misery in Afghanistan in 2011, it is no surprise that the Armed Forces are struggling to recruit. More are leaving than are joining. Also compare the treatment of British troops who now face trial for fighting the vile butchers of the IRA with way the late and unlamented'Saint' Martin McGuiness was lauded by all sorts.

Coming Next Issue

Sounding the Reveille

The signal for troops to awaken for morning roll call. Used to accompany the raising of the national colours. Could any of you budding Herge's out there please send your cartoons to us here at the AK Chesterton Trust. Remember that *Candour* has been on the front line longer that most of those reading this have been born. We have our own way of doing things. Remember that my friends.

Did you know.....

The "British" Home Office uses the term 'clandestine entrants rather than 'illegal immigrants'.

DAILY MAIL 13/1/2016

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Grave Robbers

The Shame and Disgrace of the 'St. George George Educational Trust'

Reg. No 1043158

Miss Rosine de Bounvialle and a neighbour play backgammon in front of the open fire of the study in Forest House whilst Aeneas the old semi-feral tomcat referees and our giant labrador Cassius sleeps in an armchair beside me, Colin Todd, as I take this photograph. Our England as it should be.

Some people who pose as Traditionalist Catholics have long been a problem. Posing as one thing while indulging in activities that are totally contrary to their professed beliefs. Plaster Saints. Time to expose them. They do have a choice. Stop what they are doing while they can. This is a matter of principle not politics. Colin Todd.

Known details of the Grave Robbers

One problem one has in exposing these characters is that they operate from behind a business address, hide their personal details and even use false names. One example of this with the SGET was the former thief in chief, Gareth Hurley, who took a lot of money out of the then bank accounts without explantion. A person named P. Tulloch appeared as one of the many so called 'trustees' who have appeared on the paperwork. After I did some digging I found out that P. Tulloch was actually Pamela Hurley using her maiden name Tulloch. Why? When I was a trustee the other trustees again did not deign to give any answers or explanations.
Notice this all comes back to money.
Now the list of phoney Trustees and their alleged details are:

Michael Fishwick who presents himself as the Chairman of the bogus board and claims to live at: The Little Barn, Hill Farm, Newtown Common, Hants, RG20 9DA.

Alan Webber who I have been informed is a teacher at the traditionalist catholic school St. Michael's School, Harts Lane, Burghclere, Hants, RG20 9JW. The Headmaster is Rev. Fr. Patrick Summers.

Thomas (or Tomas) Lachlan Grey This name appears in various forms depending on which document one forces these characters to disclose via the courts. Thomas or Tomas Lachlan Grey. The spelling of the first name keeps changing. Is this because Tomas is the son of Michael Fishwick from his South American wife using a surname from who knows where and we are again getting the old name changing routine to deliberately muddy the waters.

The Shyster & Shyster solicitors firm representing the grave robbers and spivs of the SGET are:
O'Callaghan & Co who operate from 67 Upper Berkeley street, London, W1H 7QX.
Email: patrick@ocallaghanandco.co.uk
Telephone: 0207 402 6000
The Principal of this legal outfit is Patrick O'Callaghan (authorised and regulated by the Solicitors Regulation Authority (SRA number 58430).

Lurking in the shadows behind these characters are Roberto Fiore and Nick Gri££in who between them have destroyed everything political they have been involved with in the UK. The work together in an organisation funded by Fiore called the I leave it to your judgment whether this has been by accident or design. I know what I believe and that is a follows:
The St. George Educational Trust Front was always a front. The intention of those behind being to get their hands on Forest House and the land in prime site Hampshire. I was booted out of the board of Trustees because I asked too many questions of the fraudsters. The property has deliberately been left to decay so that demolition became the only option. Totally in violation of the Trust agreement.

The grave robbers are facing several problems.
Rosine's grave and myself, Colin Todd, who has literally become the bodyguard.
Mr Michael Fishwick who is the front man for the land grab and grave robbing exercise is no diplomat to put it mildly and his lack of knowledge about Forest House is only matched by his lack of self awareness. He actually approached neighbours of Forest House at the cottage and loudly informed them that he was going to demolish Rosine's beloved Forest House and that they would be digging up her body to make way for 'redevelopment'. Fishwick was not even aware of where the grave was until the neighbours explained it to him. He was also unaware of the closeness of the relationship the neighbours had with Rosine. Indeed the man of the house dug Rosine's grave and collected her body in his Land Rover from the mortuary after the autopsy using the cardboard coffin Rosine had ordered and which had been stored in his garage and had helped her deal with the council to arrange for the burial on Forest House land. He is as angry as I am about this outrage.
At the time of writing this I have appeared twice at Portsmouth County Court representing myself (and Rosine) having to face a solicitor representing the SGET. All extremely stressful.
The SGET have offered me a £6,000 bribe as a settlement to give up this fight. I have ignored that as being beneath contempt.
Here I quote from an email received from a third party who I will not name here.
"I have been in touch with 'Mick' Fishwick and I am sure he is not trying to do you down. At the end of the day, if Rosine bequeathed Forest House to the Trust, **(Fact: for the last two years of her life Rosine fought desperately to have the Trust agreement scrapped so bitterly did she feel regret the deal and I believe that the pain led to her premature death so that does NOT wash. Colin)** he has a duty to ensure that the Trust obtains beneficial ownership. If he has been inept in his handling of the business (my underline. Colin) or has offended you in a way that you find hard to forgive , I am very sorry.
Colin, until this year I had no knowledge of the 17 year dispute in which you have been involved with the other Trustees: (I say "other Trustees" because I am told you were originally a Trustee yourself.) If the SGET intends to sell off Forest House and Grounds, it seems the three principal points at issue are:

1. Rosine's grave
2. The AK Chesterton Archive
3. Your own future accomodation

As for the first: why cannot Rosine de Bounevialle's mortal remains be removed with all due reverence ("translated" is the technical term) to consecrated ground elsewhere?"
Here we at the very crux of the matter. Forget the second two points here because I do not believe a single word that Fishwick & Co utter. Where do these people who Rosine did NOT KNOW propose her remains be shifted to? WHERE? Which 'foreign field?' The arrogance, greed and sheer unpleasantness of these bastards and those who believe them is beyond my simple comprehension. I speak as I find. Normally I have no time for the media but this is not political and they are going to be exposed worldwide. This is going to be an interesting ride. Hold on tight folks.

Our Four - Legged Friends

Cassie, a neighbours Staffordhire Pit Bull, takes Rosine's gentle giant labrador Cassius for a walk. Both are now buried beside Miss Rosine de Bounevialle but for how much longer.

It has long been a tradition at Forest House that we not only bury our dogs here when their time has come but those of people in the village who ask us. That is a lot of faithful friends who are buried beside and around Rosine's grave. So, not only have the grave-robbers hideously offended those of us who care about Rosine's memory but all of the dog lovers in Liss and Liss Forest who now face the heartache of their dogs being dug up and discarded like so much rubbish. Quite another feat of diplomacy on the part of the 'St. George Educational Trust' (SGET) and 'Mick' Fishwick.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-term loan is as bad as a long --
So why --in Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to dear?

Rudyard Kipling.
THE POWER OF THE DOG

For the information of those who are still being conned by the St. George Educational Trust (SGET)

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
of me Rosine Maria de Bounevialle

of Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire, England, GU33 7DD
I hereby revoke all previous will and codicils I have made. This is my last will.
As executor(s) of this my will, I appoint: Colin Todd and Robert Lintott of Forest House and Forest House Cottage respectively.

I direct that all my debts and funeral and testamentary expenses be paid as soon as is convenient after my death.

For their labours: Colin Todd to have all the books, pictures, clocks and all other contents of Forest House <u>except</u> the antique maps in the hall and drawing room, the seascape and the framed enlarged photograph of my mother (also in the drawing room. In the dining room, the suite, table, chairs and sideboard with the silverplate kettle, entre dishes and two handled tray thereon. In the study: the ashtray collection and ornaments, etc: on the top two white shelves and the serving hatch shelf; these I leave to Robert Lintott. The framed map of England and Wales hanging in the hall is already the property by purchase of the aforesaid Robert Lintott.
I want to stay in Forest House as long as I live and at last be buried in the garden in a cardboard coffin - cheap and good.
Please find a true Catholic priest to offer a tridentine requiem mass for the repose of my soul.
Pray for me: Colin and Robert be tolerant of one another and may God bless you both.
Signed this day in the presence of R de Bounevialle.

Dated this second day of June 1999.

M. Gadd .(1st witness}
The Annexe, Forest House, Warren Road, Liss, GU33 7DD.

J. G. Gadd (2nd witness)
The Annexe, Forest House, Warren Road, Liss, GU33 7DD.

BANK PROBLEMS

The bogus St. George Educational Trust (SGET)cannot even keep a bank account without it being shut down because they are so suspect. One of their latest fiascos was in 2016 when the CAF Bank closed their account and refused to give them to give a reason for that action. Although we can make an educated guess. The CAF Bank is the Charity Aid Foundation Bank. If they will not touch the St. George Educational Trust with a barge pole that should tell those who have been conned into donating or making standing orders that there is something seriously wrong here. The closing of that bank account was nothing to do with me. I had never heard of the CAF Bank until the SGET were forced to disclose this information by court order.

Let Us Fight Together For Rosine

There are various ways in which you can help us fight the Grave Robbers.

Financial support.

Contact the Charity Commission for England and Wales at their website and urge them to investigate the Saint George Educational Trust Reg. No. 1043158.

Provide me with any information, in complete confidence, you have relating to the so-called Trustees of the SGET.

The trustee situation has been a revolving door for years as people came and went as they realised the SGET stinks to high heaven. Previously people have used false names and this tactic could be in use again.

Please make your donation payable to *The AK Chesterton Trust.* (Otherwise send cash in £'s, $'s or Euros wrapped in foil in well sealed envelopes).

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